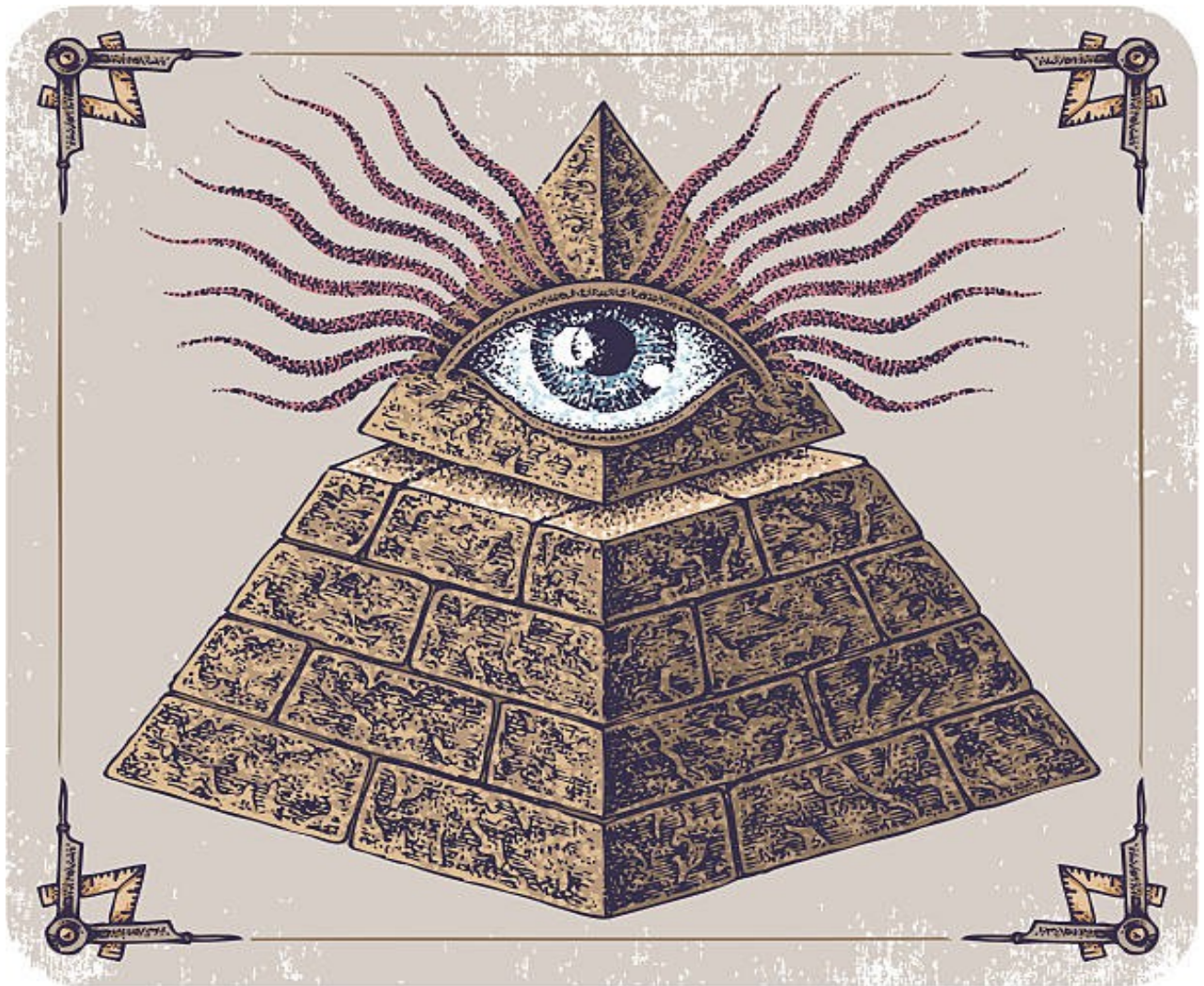


Gaze

constructed places



Lesley Battler

Contents

I

packaged tours

failed state: Somalia	1
miasma: Venice in peril	12

II

the Frontier West

end-of-road: Montana	24
adventure state: Idaho	28
custom-cut: Jackson Hole, Wyoming	33
freedom and bondage: Utah	37
the red rocks: Sedona	38
frontier fantasy: Vegas	43

III

the making of a nation

the making of a nation: nuggets from the Canadian Centennial Library	47
--	----

IV

how to write a colonial novel

how to write a colonial novel: tips from Mazo de la Roche's 'The Whiteoaks of Jalna	63
---	----

V

notes	87
--------------	----

I

packaged tours





failed state

overview

Somalia Year in Review: decades in the grip,
torn by twenty years of civil war, one of the poorest,
among the worst, as far as living conditions in Somalia
can be assessed

Somalia not in a state of civil war but plagued,
decades of armed conflict compounded by drought and natural
hazards. under statelessness life expectancy in Somalia,
compare with the Bahamas, grim picture of life
in Somalia. the United Nations concurs
in absolute terms

freedom in Somalia undermined by corruption,
political violence, the central government's extreme weakness.
you can get Hepatitis A through contaminated food or water
in Somalia. top reviews, complaints about Somalia.
most relevant shown

history

Somalia Life Depicted in Cave Paintings.
grotto galleries show early Somali life. tradition and old records
assert southern Somalia inhabited by hunter-gatherers, later joined
by Cushitic-speaking agro-pastoralists. the Samaale are primarily
nomadic in origin. the Madhibaan, an indigenous people
living mainly in the Horn, are also

Italian colonists who moved to Somalia
founded some small manufacturing, agricultural areas.
the Somali Republic became independent in 1960, ousting
of the Siad Barre regime in 1991 and ensuing Somali
civil war, influences that still prevail

Somalia has suffered. the Somalia of today is not the Somalia
of *Black Hawk Down* and when i say Somali i am talking about
a general PAN-SOMALISM. learn about Somalia,
facts, culture and World Visions's history
in Somalia

Geography

Somalia, straddles the Horn of Africa,
bordered by Ethiopia to the west, Gulf of Aden to the North.
Somalia claims a border with Djibouti through the disputed territory
of Somaliland. located in the Banadir region on the Indian Ocean,
Somalia is surrounded by the suspected Somali pirate ships trying to
attack Chinese merchant ships

Somalia, long beset by extremes, arid scrubland.
temperatures can exceed 110 degrees. famine exists in Southern
Bakool and Lower Shabelle. 3 million Somalis living in the Republic
of Somaliland, more Somalis live in the state of Minnesota,
including Siad Barre who is from the same region
of Somalia as Ahmed Mohamed

we left Basaaso just before twilight. the sea breeze
carries the sound of Mogadishu's dawn chorus of munitions
as far as the sand dunes rising high above the Indian Ocean.
truth is, even in persistent conflict there are still waves

politics and government

Somalia without organized authority – online fury.
Moxamed Siyaad Barre held dictatorial rule over the country.
US airstrike in Somalia kills 52 al-shabaab fighters. 4 Somalian
children in every 10,000, the top UN official working on
the situation in Somalia, said today

Mogadishu is Ground Zero for the failed.
the African Union Mission in Somalia (AMISOM) condemns
Wednesday's indiscriminate shelling. the participants were eminent.
more than 16 Somalia Reconciliation Conferences were drained
by the United Nations Political Office

Pope Benedict XVI urges respect for life, Pope Francis makes urgent plea for peace. fund the families of fallen SEALS. Anderson reports live from a refugee camp along the Kenya-Somalia border taken by state legislators in Wisconsin. being American makes one take life

business in Somalia

decades of poverty, armed violence, insecurity, political instability, lack of development. Business & Human Rights Resource Centre: Home. skip page content navigation if you do not require links to Private Sector Peacemaking: business and reconstruction in Somalia

SEARCH. DOING BUSINESS IN SOMALIA.

login or register to EDIT and SAVE any of these pages. the business listings displayed in this local Somalia business directory have been manually submitted by business owners or an employee

economists reckon economic factors underlie much. according to some business is picking up. well-off Somalis abroad see business potential under Mogadishu's new rulers and are flocking home. newly installed in two Mogadishu hotels, some members

agriculture and trade

NBC News reporting live on top of a building in Somalia among a host of mobile phone masts, money transfers, remittances. satellite dishes appear from different directions. the Somali economy is based on livestock farming, more than half of all Somalis self-employ as farmers

On Somalia Report: Bakara Market People Make
Demands. a black market petrol merchant stands in front
of her shop, another hijacked tanker expected. six days ago
a worker at a radio station was killed,
sniper fire

49 ships hijacked off the coast of Somalia
(total 53 worldwide). Somali pirates kidnapped a record number.
Somali piracy has grown into a multi-million dollar. pay in dollars,
don't haggle, said Khadra Abdullahi, a shop owner.
no comment, a Somali pirate shouts

real estate

property for sale in Somalia: land, apartment, house,
villa. your stories about flipping real estate in Somalia.
just before twilight, an old lady walked into the path
of a £ 2.1 million townhouse

overseas investment property, specialists offering advice,
buying or selling property in Somalia ... Real Estate in Somalia -
properties listing at expointernational_real_estate. THIS SITE MAY
HARM YOUR COMPUTER

millions of dollars of ransom money
driving prices up and creating. Somali clans coming in,
conquering vast, very valuable real estate in Somalia –
they have a vested interest in this whole

just take a look at booming Somali pirate town, Eyl.
big villas and hotels pretty popular with foreign jihadists.
a parcel of land that sold for 12000 two years ago
now costs more than 20000, the price
of a nice pair of men's

\$100,000 to control a \$200 million asset
sell it back to the owners for 10 million, tax free,
but hey i hear you can get 200% returns on real estate
in Somalia. slam dunk over Tokyo. 9.0.
FLAG AS OFFENSIVE

capital city

Mogadishu, a study in violent, a brutal
ecosystem where new conflicts sprout up without ever.
the Battle of Mogadishu was part of Operation Gothic Serpent.
we relive a deadly day at a UN compound
in Mogadishu

a car bomb exploded at a crowded shopping mall
in Mogadishu. thousands of Somalis have undertaken. we all
understand Mogadishu has thousands of people displaced
at the epicentre

in 2007 when her girls were old enough to live
on their own, Fartun moved back to Mogadishu to continue.
Mr. Aden Isak Yusuf, an elderly IDP relocated to Mogadishu.
life in Minnesota, he's sure, is worse than
in Mogadishu.

UnNews: Mogadishu now tops list of Best Cities
to Live In. Mogadishu_now_tops_list. Mogadishu warlords
celebrate their city's prestigious ranking
uncyclopedia.wikia.com
\...\UnNews

travel and tourism

SOMALIA HOLIDAY – Open Source Travel
guide to Somalia on attractions, hotels, night life.
travelling to Somalia? we have all the information you need.
do not travel to Somalia due to crime, terrorism, piracy ...
FREE AND RELIABLE ADVICE

more on Somalia. kidnapping and murder common
throughout Somalia. Places to Visit: Free Newsletter ... interested
in Somalia? we'll send you. top answer: yes i would, the beaches!
Somalia Gets a Tourist, Mogadishu Officials
Are Baffled

Muslims travelling to Somalia for Jihadi Tourism
secret documents reveal ... You Are Here: Home >> Wikileaks
cables: British Muslims travelling to Somalia for Jihade tourism >>
wikileaks cables – British Muslims travelling. time difference
only UTC +3, the beaches are gorgeous

lifestyle

lab samples taken from people living in the capital,
Mogadishu, reveal they live for today with as little of life's.
donkeys play a major role. we Ogadenis have adopted a new
lifestyle in Somali. i randomly choose the place
i spend at night

15 year olds are giving religious edicts in Somalia
that decide life or death. even today Somali marriages are arranged.
suicide blast injuries still practiced by many Somalis today, part
of a new self-help trend seen in many walks of life

it is too simple to say that qat consumption
in Somalia represents a new self-indulgence challenging
older ideas of moderation. new WHO website provides
guide to Life-Saving Nutrition. Dr. Mahdi: eat
anything that does not eat you

Pirate Pay Offs Feed Big-Money Lifestyle in Somalia.
big houses, fast cars, easy drugs, ransom-fed nomad lifestyle
creates problems in Somali towns. Yasmeeen Maxamud parties.
the price of a new pair of men's shoes has gone up.
HOW WILL THE US ASSERT
ITS MORAL

arts & culture

Somalia: eminent poet used to greet military cars
every time they passed. we agreed to never use his name, too
dangerous. Mr. Hayrow left a wife, dozens of children
currently living

born in Mogadishu, Somalia Iman is the daughter
of Marian and Mohamed Abdulmajid, her father was
a diplomat and former Somali. Editor's Note: Life in Hell
is running Global Post series about life inside Somalia
the world's most

THE SOMALIA LIFE AND CULTURE DEPICTED
IN AN ARTISTIC WAY. the she-camel represents the Somali
national sovereignty ... a dehydrated child lies on a bed
in Banadir Hospital, the latest
illustration

daily life

every day dozens of rockets and mortar exchange,
Email, Text Chat, Voice Chat or Gun Fire. World Cup fans
a soft target. Action Against Hunger responding. Ramadan
teaches humility and reminds us. at 51, Hassan knows he has
already exceeded the average. a few months ago
some people rejoiced

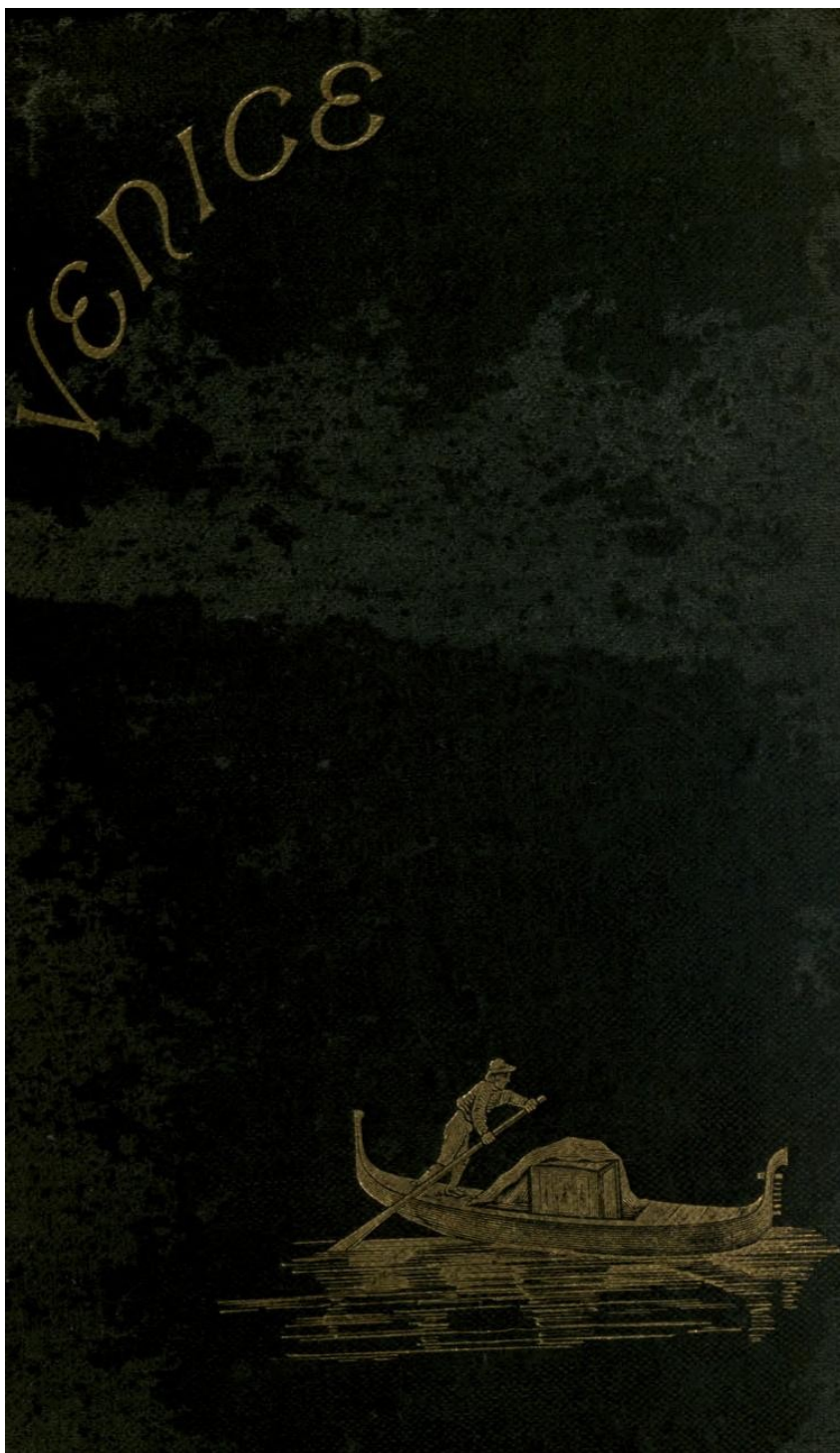
although she has almost nothing in Galkayo
Aisho has no regrets. now i am married a man who has HIV
too and we continue. her former husband did not object
because he could not live with a wife who wet herself
constantly

listen to this (live or archived) on-air discussion
on living in the Possible. a child receives a Vitamin A.
medical personnel tried to pump the toddler
but she moved only after

Sign-up Facebook helps you connect and share
the people in your life. hello, you watcher. go live in Somalia
Where Nobody Is Safe, yeah Mogadishu for life,
nitty gritty, yo more brudas n sistas
need to like dis

my life is ruined, no education and no life.
the gun is how i support my family. for months now,
this ambulance has been my home.

** your government has issued a travel advisory for this destination
related to coronavirus disease (COVID-19) **



miasma

Venice in peril

1

up the coast of Italy, a sandy breakwater
called the Lido divides the lagoon from the Adriatic.
at sunset, the deep blue of the real sea
beyond

salt marshes you'll find, some mere sandbanks,
some rocky, covered with bushes. how little we understand
those islands shaped out of void.
what caused this great belt of sediment in earliest times
is not here the place to enquire

beyond them, a shadow against the mist,
a fabulous city of towers and minarets all seeming
to float upon the water

fishermen and salt-gatherers
live in the marshes, distant roar of traders.
Romans picnic, hunt duck and build villas on her islands
but still she stands alone between flood and ebb,
the Adriatic pounding her foreshore,
mudfields at low tide and so
it will ever be

2

it may strike you how lonely a city
Venice remains, isolated among shallows and reeds,
caught in the salt and sombre

founded in the 5th century
she stands on the frontiers, east and west,
between setting and rising sun, an other-world
of wavering trees, ships without hulls, imaginary
marshes, a city drugged by her own
hallucinations.

150 canals, over 400 bridges, no cars,
Venice is only a vast beautiful labyrinth where
only its oldest inhabitants are sure
to find their way

from swampy beginnings
through mercantile heights the most Serene Republic
has been defined by disease.
when writers contemplate Venice, they behold decay
and dispatch hapless protagonists
to see the city
and die

3

for the history of Venice you have to go back
more than 1500 years, past and present curiously interwoven,
as in the minds of old ladies

driven by barbarism, the threat of christian heresy,
periodically decimated by plague, the people of the Veneto
abandoned their comforts and fell into the lagoon
they came from the north
in the 5th and 6th centuries. Goths, Huns, Avars,
Herulians and Lombards – the scavengers of empire.
more recently the world watched the epic
wedding of George Clooney and
Amal Alamuddin

the floating city came into her own
during the Renaissance. its prime maritime location
summoned travelers to Aman Venice, a luxury hotel
in the 16th century Papadopoli palazzo with Old Master
frescoes and private gardens set on
the Grand Canal

for three more centuries the Serenissima retained
her independence, sinking from power to luxury, from luxury
to flippancy, from flippancy to impotence,
the world has forgotten her mighty fleets
and pitiless inquisitions.

the decline of Venice has been protracted
and painful beginning with Vasco da Gama's voyage,
which broke her eastern monopolies.
cruises from Venice depart, spring through fall
presently all the ruins are on fire
with gold

4

You approach Venice by sea, as is right,
Venice being the Bride of the Adriatic.
my bedroom window commands
a perfect view – the still grey lagune, the islet of S Giorgio
in deep shadow. this divine Queen of the Seas,
whom so many artists and poets
have exalted

canals govern the shape and pattern
of Venice, a very stony city laid out in a maze
of alleys, courtyards, bridges, archways, quaysides,
back streets that remind me of corridors
in some mouldy prison.
i am incessantly surprised,
brought to surrender by dead ends and canals.
all the houses of Venice are strange and old,
especially those of the Ghetto

the water is crowded with rubbish,
wood and hay, orange peels and cabbage stalks.
i look down and see a ghostly hand.
once a week a boatload of men appear outside
my back door, painting red numbers on the walls –
the canal is about to be drained, exposing
its bed in all its horror

epidemics are a central feature
here. every day a vile miasma. the inhabitants shutter
their windows and in the gully beneath the ornate doors
you will see labourers tossing glutinous stuff
into tipper-trucks then wheeling it
off to waiting barges

but at night the heaven of it is ineffable.
never have i touched the skirts of so celestial a place.
the silence, the moonlight, the music, the gondolas,
nothing like it
the moon itself set among
great architectural clouds so there appears to be
another moonlit city in the sky, whose palaces and streets
are falling into ruins, as if some whimsical spirit
set it there to mock the other's
slow decline

5

Venice was founded in misfortune
by refugees driven into lagoons by divine command.
scattered colonies of city people, nurtured in all the ease
of Rome, struggled along the fenlands to live on
rain water
and so the Venetians became islanders
and islanders they remain, still a people apart,
still tinged with the sadness
of refugees

the true-born Venetian is instantly
recognizable. he probably has Slavic blood in him,
perhaps Austrian, possibly oriental tinctures
from the distant past.
very far indeed from the stock
music-hall Latin.

modern Venetians are not a stately people
they are provincial, morose but calculating,
his limpid eye is enigmatic.
throughout the Crusades they shamelessly
milched both sides and so the Venetian moves
through history surrounded by this miasma
of dishonesty

strangely enough it was the good
military music that brought me into touch
with public life in Venice.
there is little else to attract attention
to the oppressed and degenerate life
of the Venetian people.
there are many dwarfs and hunchbacks in Venice.
society in Venice is predominantly male,
where the single female, Jessica, locked up
in her house, can only escape
disguised as a male

6
recommended by 98% of clients,
Venice a must-see destination. oh, not a false note
to destroy her perfect charm, not one.
we've got popular attractions like St Mark's Basilica,
great views and gelato! Harry's Bar, one of the world's
most celebrated restaurants

romantic Venice with its canals
and narrow alleyways is an easy city to navigate.
explore our departure ports, find your dream.
combine the top two sights of Venice –
St Mark's Basilica and the Doge's
Palace.

i particularly like the feasts and
processions, figures, all wearing black crepe,
hurry across an authentic palazzo, nothing
like them in England

misgivings about the Venetian Post Office
once again unfounded. letters are reaching me
without obvious signs of tampering. even the most
debauched people in the world have no
difficulty delivering mail

7

you've probably grown up seeing
idealized images of Venice but disappointing photos
show Venice in real life – hordes of tourists,
cruise ship accidents
Carnival attendance has dropped,
two Brits and an Italian champion killed in a speedboat crash.
i greatly blame the writers who have committed
so many sins of omission and made Venice
all canals and palaces

make no mistake, Venice is a tricky town,
the picturesque ruin, the pleasant hopelessness
of everything about me here. i couldn't help seeing
so many people, both rich and poor,
with nothing to do
nobody seems driven by any inward
or outward impulse, no greater social dullness and sadness
on land or sea, than in contemporary Venice
until the twelve o'clock whistle at the Arsenal,
the three notes of progress and civilization
in this city of dead hopes

even Italians consider Venice embarrassing,
Disneyland with canals. don't do the gondola ride –
\$80, touristy and crowded, you'll wait in line with other
gondolas, bothered by drunk tourists.
gondoliers are not romantic, only a few sing
like they do in the movies.
two gondoliers, who nearly collided
a minute ago are screaming murderous threats
at each other. no one ever mentions
Canal Rage

dirty streets full of oyster investigators.
they rob you here, beware the regatta.
no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto
under which the traveler
now pauses

then there's the Bridge of Sighs,
which was not built till the end of the sixteenth century,
no romantic episode of political punishment occurs
in Venetian history later than that period.
no prisoner worth remembering,
or whose sorrows deserved sympathy, ever crossed
that symbol of Byronic Venice

don't come out, don't hurry,
the Carnival is now obsolete. the masquerading,
pleasure-loving Venice is a fiction. causes of this change
lie partly in the poverty of the city doomed
four hundred years ago to commercial
decay

dumb as the dead
are the despoiled palaces, suffering
in silence, their glory long-departed.
some are now lodging-houses, a glass-factory,
a post-office, a shop of cheap and false antiquities.
where is all that treasure? that beauty?
has every temple been ravaged?
so if the reader care to follow me
to my stage-box, i imagine he will see the curtain
lower upon the Venice
of Byron

i saw San Marco square, the Basilica
(you must check your backpack and camera), took a tour
of Palazzo Ducale (book the scenic tour online at least
two weeks in advance), walked over Rialto Bridge
(too crowded and touristy), more churches
and bridges

buildings of no particular interest
until the last one with the fine relief of a lion
on the facade, once the headquarters of tithe collectors.
but it is hard to speak of the doom written against her
in the seams and fissures of her
crumbling masonry

8

before climate scientists worried about
Australia burning, they warned that Venice is drowning.
man's most beautiful artifact, mostly underwater
after suffering some of its worst floods
in over 50 years

the city is flooded with water and tourists.
a man carries suitcases as he wades through water
during a high tide of 1.44 metres in St Mark's Square.
the Italian government declares a state of emergency
over dangerously high tides that invaded cafes,
stores and other businesses
on Tuesday

Venice's misfortunes never seem to stop.
from its swampy beginnings through its mercantile heights,
the Most Serene Republic has been defined by disease,
overtourism, an aging population. famous canals
almost dry due to low tides. motorway
bridges collapse after heavy rain

Associated Press reports the city
70% final period of her decline: a ghost
upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet,
we might well doubt as we watch her faint reflection
in the mirage of the lagoon, which is the City
and which the Shadow

the Lido is sinking from sight upon the east
and out of one of those trembling towers in the lagoons,
one full sob burst from the heart of a bell, suffusing
the languid night with the murmur
of ineffable sadness

the experts are right, Venice is sinking,
the whole city slowly dying. one day the tourists
will travel here by boat to peer down into the waters
and they will see pillars and columns and marble
far, far beneath them

lime and mud covering a lost underworld
of stone, the warning which seems to me to be uttered
by every one of the fast-gaining waves that beat,
like passing bells, against the STONES
OF VENICE

II

the frontier west



end-of-road

Montana

the Last Best West
badlands, canyon gullies,
sage hills, acres of solitude

rolling gold autumn
on the rodeo circuit. quaint mom-and-pop
ski hills. authentic refurbished saloons
rustic dude ranches

poetic Jack Nicklaus golf courses,
overgrown Mormon Gulch, neatly plotted
Custer National Cemetery. view the frontier
from the windows of a dinner
train

quake lakes, sandstone
landscapes, interpretive kiosks, wetland
habitats with viewing
platforms

feel the Big Medicine
at Medicine Rocks State Park
road impassable when wet, high clearance
vehicles recommended

National Forest: Land of Many Uses
i became a park ranger to share the natural
values of the park, make sure areas
are educational and
enriching

you may see migratory bird-watchers
smallmouth bass, walleye, ling, chinook salmon
shovel-nose sturgeon, other prehistoric
monsters. home-grilled bison
still roam

upland game birds, elk, turkey, deer
hunting shacks. i love to trap, critters need
to be controlled. Halstead Taxidermy
can fulfill all your needs

Old West Collectibles and Gallery
1880s Bear Coat, Beaded Scout Jacket, Navajo
Rug, New Indian Carved 1873 Winchester
3-Tone Shotgun, Chaps, Framed
Edward Curtis

gas station-grain elevator towns
sophisticated cities, sizzling sixties kitsch
hipster dinosaur sip-n-dip, live tiki
pictographs. elk hide tossed on
the ottoman. Montanans
after all

University of Montana Woodsmen
best all-round timber sports competitor
i love wood, i love trees. the smell
of larch and Douglas fir better
than deodorant

bow hunters, i want your mount!
first time youth hunters 30% off.
find connection with loved ones
through this rich pastime

at dusk they surrounded us
chorus of elk chuckling, mewling, bugling
not 30 yards from us, cows and calves
calling to each other

the guys, my husband and friends
so excited. acting on a tip from a local wildlife
biologist we glassed a herd of bison
from afar

seven hours skinning, quartering
packing out a thousand-pound bull
with the help of the area's
ungulate specialist

later that weekend my husband
shot a symmetrical five-point buck. we made
crème brûlée using a propane torch
made for lighting patio
lanterns

the dead and wounded were
scalped, women and children taken captive
a man did live in Horton until he was
struck by a train the year before
the town was erased
from the map

we had no water, telephone
or refrigeration. dad hauled water
from Sweetgrass Hills to our house
about forty miles away

we lived on this land
which was an oil lease until the field
closed in the forties. Anaconda owned all
the newspapers. trains parked
too close

we, the people pay the price
this is not government for and by the people
rifle ammo, Winchester, Federal
Remington, Savage, Axis
Big Game Rifle
\$299.99

we are asking potential homebuyers
to write letters to this newspaper outlining
their specific interest in owning
a free-standing home and
not a condominium

no covenants to limit
what you can do with this home, 2.17 acres
live water behind house. basement has
separate entrance, potential rental
to help with mortgage
payments

Scenic Secluded, Custom Cedar Home
paved access, 3 mi to nice small town.
Rustic Log Cabin, trout stream, 4x4 access.
extreme privacy, no neighbours,
End-of-the-Road

adventure state

about Idaho

43rd and fastest growing state
in the country. established by Mormons
at Franklin in 1860, joined the US in 1890.
the state's name is thought to be Indian,
Ee-dah-hoe, gem of the mountains

prior to European settlement
Idaho was inhabited by Native American
peoples, some of whom may still live
in the area

the Idaho Potato Commission
promotes and protects the famous Grown
in Idaho seal, assuring consumers they
are purchasing free market solutions
for any purpose in their lives

build the car
you've always wanted, grow the house
of your dreams, mind your
own business

the great outdoors

shaped like a logger's boot, almost
unlimited outdoors, it is fair to say Idaho
is the adventure state. our vacation homes
have the kitchens and swimming pools
that matter most

we are the only state with an official
State Raptor. truth is, parachuting beavers
really are a problem. Monster alert!
my battle with a ten-pound
Idaho trout

January 1, the annual running
of the dirtbikes, ATVs, UTVs and
specialty off-highway vehicles
(SOHV)

Idaho officials won't give up
on a three-way land swap and cash deal
involving the US Forest Service and a private
timber company that is running from
from the Nez Perce Tribe

Jenny, the mother, is in charge
of lopping any small limbs off logs
with a hatchet

now in stock, native perennial
cool-season grass. Idaho fescue culms
are erect, glabrous and blaucous,
sparsely leaved

activities

family-friendly jaunts, heart-pounding
thrills, jaw-dropping beauty. start your
Doggie Daycare & Pet Hotel franchise
today

Rocky Mountains aren't the only
attraction. we have everything here. 200
foot tall roller coasters, splashing wave pools
thrill-seekers and those working
on their tans

preserve, display and interpret
military history and artifacts. file your hunter
reports, renew your lifetime hunting, fishing
licences, find your local Fish
and Game office

let's just say my Idaho vacation
involved a rubber hose, a minotaur, 4 golf
balls, an old man in a Justin
Bieber t-shirt

escape your Blue State
you can't save it. relocate to Idaho, rediscover
freedom, Conservative ideas. Idaho has seen
nothing but positive change.

Sotheby's International Realty
has 491 luxury homes for sale. vacation homes,
penthouses, lake homes, ski chalets, villas.
search Idaho foreclosures
by city

culture

Military Vehicles and Supplies
for sale. look through binoculars
at Orchard Combat Training
Centre

giant Idaho potato converted
into Airbnb rental called the Big Idaho
Potato Hotel builds a national reputation
for presenting energetic exhibition
schedules

Brigham Young University-Idaho
is a private four-year university affiliated
with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day
Saints. guided by faith, BYU-Idaho seeks
to create a Lotto. Lucky for Life
Scratch Games. we know
Play Cannot Wait

favorite this post – Jeep Wrangler
(New Ride Auto Rexburg) pic hide this posting
restore restore restore this posting Nissan Quest
SV 3.5 ROW SEATS. Rebuilt/Restored & Ready
To Go pic hide this posting restore restore
this posting favorite this post Jeep
Grand Cherokee (Shelley) pic
hide this ...

people

The View from North Central Idaho
ramblings on explosives, guns, politics and sex
by a redneck Idaho farm boy who became
a software engineer living
near Seattle

Brad, an Emmett native raised on his
family's sheep and cattle ranching operation
warns of the Californification of Idaho. anti-
government militiaman Ammon Bundy leads
a Liberty Rebellion. Meridian woman
arrested during protest after
asking to be arrested

Zollinger and Erickson differ on
Conservatism, with one portraying himself
as the true Republican while his opponent
cast him as a lackey of right-wing
lobby groups

Paul has a sister in Idaho and two
brothers in Wyoming, nobody out there
Lori moved to Rexburg, Idaho shortly
after marrying Chad, an author
of doomsday books

the busy road morphs to gorse
wild horses sermonize. oceanic grey days
coming at you from all directions
at once

custom-cut

Jackson Hole, Wyoming

15 mi from Jackson Hole, private access through National Forest.
ride your horse, hike through Wyoming Game Reserve to Designated
Wilderness. quiet privacy, a classic. year-round access to water.
hunting prohibited half-mile of town buildings

What's Your Government Up To? Find Out for Yourself! review
public notices printed in all Wyoming's newspapers. abortion increases
my risk of breast cancer abortionbreastcancer.com. as a positive person
i am not on on the zombie bandwagon, i believe when you die
you go to Heaven or Hell

Gun Barrel Steak and Game House, Café Bohème, Heidi's Brooklyn Deli
Homemade Lunch and Thai Dinner. time to order your custom-cut. yoga
clinic for all ages, newly remodeled 68-room boutique hotel. Spring Creek
Ranch is seeking a Sous Chef and and a Coordinator who will assume
full responsibility as the face of Body Sage Spa

freedom and bondage

Utah

1

fast-food, sheep drives
Halloween corn maze. i thought
of Joseph Smith, pondered the freedoms
embedded in me, my belief
in God

a blend of poa annua
that invites personal personal revelation
to determine the validity
of all things

not all golf courses in Mesquite
need to overseed their greens. my father
brought me up in a religion, free agency
is the core. many have bent
grass greens

extreme storms
untimely temperatures can ruin
an overseed, pervert our Constitution
hijack my religion. they have
a sworn opponent in me

2

we believe the battle
of good and evil is really between
freedom and bondage. you must be 21
to purchase or consume alcohol, liquor
can be ordered by the drink, wine
by glass or bottle

our freedom comes from
a supreme being. when i took the Oath
of Office i swore to uphold the Constitution
of the State of Utah. you must dine in a restaurant
to be served an alcoholic beverage. liquor. wine,
malt beverages, heavy beer (over 3.2%)
can be ordered from 11:30 a.m.
to midnight

my father, as a six-year old
understood the loss of freedom that comes
in the collective mass of public education.
liquor, wine, heavy beer (over 2%)
available in State Liquor Stores
and Package Agencies

Nineveh Dinh reports nightly
the battle against a Government stealing
our liberties simply continues the battle identified
in Revelation 12:7. upfront cash for your idle RV,
free pair of Black RINO sunglasses
(\$15 value)

3

the Government has shut down Zion
National Park. it costs you for depreciation
insurance, monthly payments, and licence plates
forcing you to buy into Obamageddon
as though the right to disagree
is wrong and makes you
a terrorist

as a Nephrite, true-believing
ancient Hebrew-American, i was promised
earthly immortality by Jesus when
he visited America after his
crucifixion

we haven't shut down
the shut-down, Zion Canyon will remain open
Business as Usual, paying at McDonald's
got a whole lot easier. we will give you
\$250 cash when you consign
your RV with us

only one word for Mormon
women trying to crash the Priesthood meeting
once a group of people thought along those lines
we won our independence from them
our bankruptcies start as low as
\$4,999, fastest, easiest, most
affordable bankruptcy
132 Tabernacle St

4

while he served his country
she served a mission in the Northern States
Bill, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latter Day Saints, served in the bishopric
as High Priest

trouble at school? Read Dear Abby
for advice. Cecil was born of goodly parents.
Rachelle loved her family, their marriage
was solemnized in the Salt Lake City
Temple, above all her family
was Number 1

attendance at local haunted houses
above national average. 16,000 cremated
individuals. if next of kin does not come forward
to claim the deceased, a funeral home may dispose
of the remains in any manner permitted by law
except *scattering*

Carver said his mortuary had no
problem with unclaimed cremains until they entered
a contract with the Salt Lake County Health Dept.
Halloween is freakishly popular
in the State of Utah

Trea and Jim hope to adopt your baby,
promise safe life of love and devotion. affectionate,
financially secure college sweethearts, stay-at-home mom.
we live in an agricultural community, people grow
pumpkins, Remington Ammo
On Sale

the red rocks

Sedona

I

enjoy the peace, the spirituality
of the red rocks, blessings whether you're planning
a wedding, retreat or making the move here
Sedona has a wide range of trained
professionals for you

Write Your Book in a weekend
at Creative Life Centre. test 5000 different aspects
of your body, ASYRA remediation \$50.00. fall
yoga challenge at Shiva Shack. Mystic
Training with Medium. Open
Séance

try your hand at art, capitalize
on the scenic surroundings. Core Resonance
Mechanics of Synchronicity. shift your chakras
from rural farming energy to commercial business
power. move yourself to the forefront
of the local economy

don your active wear, discover Sedona's
arterial trails with the people who know it best
Diamond Back Extreme, Outlaw Tour, Horseback
Jeep Combo. i'll never forget my first outing
in Sedona, i scored an eagle on
a resort course

for over 12,000 years Verde Valley
has drawn mammoth hunters, cliff-dwellers and
hunter gatherers. Sedona Home Centre gets
beautiful clients all the time. be part of
the pulse of humanity

Don and Nita's Indian art
often featured in Arizona Highways magazine.
You Are the Gift offers African Elemental Stone
and Shell Divination

the presence of big game animals
such as giant sloths, mammoths, camels
in a savanna-like climate was an attraction
to the Paleo-Indian. red-walled canyons hold
well-preserved cliff-dwellings abandoned
by the Sinagua people

big-game hunting ended around 9000 BC
when most of the big game disappeared. the number
of hotel and time-share rooms soared by almost
81%. Cliff Castle Casino Hotel is the newest
Vegas. calibre shots, Blackjack, Poker,
award-winning Storytellers
Steakhouse

II

vortexes and UFOs

Sedona vortex locations

energy vortexes resonate
strengthen the Inner Being of all
who come within half a mile
of them

juniper trees respond to vortexes
in a physical way, the stronger the energy
the more axial twist to the branches. lines
of growth follow a slow helical
spiral

Airport Vortex.

Walk to the Saddle between the hills
where the juniper trees are very twisted.
from here you can see most of Sedona.
the energy at this vortex strengthens
the masculine side

Cathedral Rock Vortex.

left on Upper Red Rock Loop Road
into Crescent Moon Park. the spires of the Rock
hide behind the cliffs of the creek. the energy
of this vortex increases the feminine.
\$5.00 entry fee.

Boynton Canyon Vortex.

turn right on Dry Creek Road.

if you end up at Enchantment Resort

return to parking lot and follow the cairns (red rock trail markers in wire barrels) until you come to the knoll.

very twisted juniper trees along this trail. the energy

at this vortex increases masculine/feminine

yin/yang balance

Red Rock Vortex Tours

our guides use spiritual techniques

to support you in taking your next leap in life.

you may gain clarity. open your heart

expand your vision

you will visit the Vortexes most compatible

to your personal connection to the Spirit of Sedona

one to four people. 1.4 hours, \$180.

2 hours \$240, 3 hours \$360.

4 hours \$480

Medicine Wheel Tour

you will work with several private Sedona

medicine wheels, the Divine Heart, the DNA Activator and

Buddha Wheels. book our very popular four hour

Vortex/Medicine Wheel Combo Tour.

receive a bottle of our Sedona

spray smudge

the spirit of Sedona has called,
you have come. Private Tipi Temple Sessions,
Reiki on the Rocks. Psychic Vortex Tour, in-depth
teaching session on the land with one of Sedona's
finest. live your potential as an intuitive,
plus Psychic Reading 2 hours \$300
(one person)

UFO Sky Tours

UFO Vortex. See UFOs Now
ask Kim how! we provide the most powerful Military
Night Vision Gear which amplifies the light 70k
more than the naked eye sees. we always see
UFOs. tours are \$90, start at dusk

Custom Daytime UFO Hot Spot
and Vortex. paranormal escapes. totally unique,
out-of-the-box, spine-tingling thought-provoking,
all tours custom, prices vary

Kim C is an internationally acclaimed
UFO researcher, author, speaker and Contacter.
visit kimc.com, Authorized Night Optics Dealer. Member,
Sedona Chamber of Commerce,
Sedona Metaphysical Spiritual
Association

CPR and First Aid Certified
Permit for Operation in Coconino National Forest
ufovortex.com. 855-see-ufos

frontier fantasy

Vegas

Caesar's Palace opened in 1966
moving Las Vegas from frontier
to fantasy

what happened to Vegas's rich
frontier heritage, downtown's Neonopolis
crooners in blue satin shirts, fedoras
ancient piano players, Fly Me
to the Moon

can a birthday girl still get
a towering Chanel-themed cake adorned
with diamonds, pearls and lace in a Vegas
that has lost its way?

free-range peacocks,
tightly caged tigers, displaced alligators.
a monster prime rib special hits town dreaming
a past so impossible it had nowhere
to go but the future

Rainforest Café, safari-themed
dishes, family fun, animatronic sexpots
professional training in mixology, casino
dealing, the Vegas love affair
with Elvis is over

dollar blackjack back, on the strip
no less. the Riviera is dealing blackjack, dollar
minimums 24/7, six-decker, the dealer hitting
Soft 17, organic blackjacks playing 6-5,
Happy Hour craps

Ghostbar Day Club, Liquid Brunch
Grandiose Opening. Gentlemen (and Ladies)
Start Your Libidos. the Vegas Machine Gun
Experience is Here, Shoot Like the Secret
Service, \$10 off, free shuttle
to shooting range

world-famous Gun Store, est 1988.
private VIP ranges celebrated around the world.
birthdays, corporate events, commitment
ceremonies, shotgun
weddings

centrepiece chandelier, 20,000 lights
bronze walls infused with gold. nail and makeup
technicians in the powder room ready
to perform for you in ancient
ways long forgotten

1.6 million gallon aquarium, over 30
species full autos, semi-autos, handguns. Private
Dancers www.afterdarkvegas.com, 23 year-old bored
housewife, seasoned woman needs attention!
Oriental delight

Kiki wishes the company of men
for erotic pleasures. young blond, full friendly service
\$69 Afternoon Special, full figure, all Real
mature, nurturing

horny young babes, forbidden
nude rubdowns, college girls to your room in minutes.
now that i left my strict family life in the country
i can get just as wild as you want.
take the shopping shuttle.
\$69 special

Strippers, Escorts, Matures
Blondes, Asiand, FemDoms, Hairy Hottie, Fetish
Alternative, Male and TS too. i need tuition \$ \$
can you help? my boobs are big and real,
as real as they can be

** advertising clients who submit
nude ad photos will be subject to censoring
by publisher in compliance with public
display nudity laws **



III

the making of a nation



the making of a nation

nuggets from the New Canadian Library

1

who we are

origins

July 1, 1867. frontier settlements,
a dark rural world of backwoods farms, sketchy roads.
stump fences, swamps, mosquitos,
black flies

the Founding Fathers drew up
their Constitution on the rock of the medieval city,
entrance to the far interior, ancient key to a continental
empire.

Québec City stood for the conserving
of European heritage, a new northern
American dream

surrounded by precambrian shield,
Ottawa, a frontier town overlooking a river full of logs
and sawdust, but
there stood the imposing gothic structures
of the new parliament buildings rising against
northern wilderness

nowheresville

some say the name *Canada* derives
from *Kanata! Kanata!* – what the Indians kept yelling
at our discoverer, Jacques Cartier as they pointed upriver.
Meaning, *yonder are our wigwams!*

true or not, the very name *Canada* suggests
the power of negative thinking. an eminent Canadian sociologist
has pointed out that in his native country, Austria,
the word means *nobody there*

a nothing place, nowheresville.
if you are nothing you may also be anything,
you may be a map, or model of everything. you might
even hope some day to become
something

Canada in the world

a good provincial sort of place,
some say. the Canadian soldier, brave and resourceful,
the Canadian politician bland and non-toxic, Canadian
womanhood wholesome, Canadian bacon
lean

the country has grown, primitive booms
and crashes. we are fairly big, getting bigger, bigger than Belgians
but smaller than Swedes.
a Canadian of, say, Italian extraction, tends to look Italian
until he dresses in a drip-dry Orlon suit, at which point
he begins to look American

although Henri Richard
may look French, his brother Maurice has
the authentic Canadian stamp on his features,
his carriage

Alberta. Prince Edward
and Queen Charlotte Islands. Queen Elizabeth
and the Empress Hotels. Her Majesty's and the King's
Own Regiments.
take away the Crown, the face of Canada
would be a stranger's

the look

Eskimo carvings, totem poles
habitant bake ovens, dog carts and scarlet tunics.
Gaelic Cape Breton, the bluenose quaintness of Peggy's Cove.
symbols out of which nationhood grows.
on Vancouver Island, Cowichan sweaters,
knitted by Salish *kloochmen* (women, that is), are prized by
tourists but natives, including John Diefenbaker,
like them too

in 1945,
Mackenzie King stepping out
on Parliament Hill, had the Canadian style. fur hat
cut Dominion Style. buffalo coat, maple
walking stick

2

Great Canadians

Renaissance men

the awful physical challenges
of 19th-century Canada bred a style of man that grew
nowhere else in the world. a Renaissance man with roots
deep in the soil of our country.
proud of his United Empire
Loyalist ancestry he worked, suffered,
stood alone.
our men, doggedly born
in Scotland then on to Oxford as Rhodes scholars.
long, and distinguished careers, presidents
of the Champlain Society, honorary degrees,
knighthoods

men possessed

Confederation, a triumph of political
engineering. courageous leaders with bold ideas
fathers of our country, dour suits, black chimney hats,
whiskers and watch chains. those long faces and stiff poses
belie their primal vigour.
of course, John A Macdonald,
chief architect of Confederation, embodiment
of Canada itself

men of ideas

faithful servant of the Crown,
Caesar in a cold country.
both his father and father-in-law
were Fathers of Confederation.
he resigned over the Boer War
and recalled the sacking of Sevastapol
during the Crimean War

typical of great men of ideas,
our highly respected man of politics
sees world problems with a uniquely Canadian take.
the west must remain an ideological power bloc –
necessary, inevitable opposition
to the communist world

an entrepreneur

he holds strict religious views,
opposes liquor, card-playing and dancing in all his houses.
often perceived as dour, perhaps arbitrary,
he is equipped with intellect, foresight and daring
to succeed in any era of free enterprise.
with calm
self-confidence,
a steward of the oracles of god,
he calmly stakes a personal empire,
seldom deigns to defend his actions with public
explanations

the steel in his character tempered
by early service with the Hudson's Bay Company.
years of harsh existence, financial conniving.
an ancient broadsword hangs in his study,
scabbard marked by a grindstone when his grandfather
prepared to fight William Lyon Mackenzie
in 1837

citizen of the world

he receives a marconigram
telling him about the the Dominion of Canada.
his face, long and furrowed as a famine-farm,
lights up. he buys a ticket to
the New World.
born under Capricorn the determined striver,
he buys a farm, experiments with cross-breeding,
innovates by conscripting children as assistants.
he strings stovepipe wire around a rail fence,
revolutionizes the commercial world
of his time and puts Canada
on the map

Citizen of the World,
he writes of great and enduring themes; life, death, love,
the Eaton's catalogue.
oh, he has his misfortunes,
personal and domestic. he loses his right hand playing
with a haycutter. his second son would now be called
a retarded child

the wild land

fur-clad and clear of eye.
uncharted land. supple frame trimmed of all fat,
small eager boy hard as the blade of a voyageur's axe.
he crosses Canada by foot, snowshoe, dog team, canoe,
dug-out log, second only to the Indian
at eking a living out of
wild land

twelve voyages to the Arctic.
he establishes police posts on the islands.
too many ice floes almost do him in but he prevails,
claims the entire archipelago of North America
for Canada

the Prince of Wales on hand.
15 warships fire salvos, bands play *Rule Britannia*.
land of all possibility.
export route to Europe, prairie grain, the sub-arctic
port of Churchill, Canada stamped
indelibly on the land

frontiersmen

burly man, pink-cheeked, smiling real estate
executive paddling a canoe in a Scotch tam and tweeds.
free land euphoria, Sifton and Van Horne filling the empty
west with immigrants

his mother always knew he had to follow
his destiny. she broke an oatcake over his head to wish him luck.
the black skirts of M Le Curé could not follow him far
into the wilds of the bush.

of course he has been everywhere
on the frontier, developing a habit of wild risks
and expecting Eldorados. you could find him in the thick
of the Klondike Stampede that brought men
and money into the country

somewhere on the site of a future
railway he pulls a wolfskin over his head,
joins a mob of dancing Indians and routs a bear
blocking his path in desolate Ontario with nothing
more than an umbrella and
some shouting

the fairer sex

Miss Neatby said, “women,
generally speaking, were not people of achievement
in the sense that men were but we see widely admired
specimens of Canadian womanhood.”

Take Laura Secord –
plain, tough, god-fearing but yankee-hating
old backwoodswoman

although most Canadian women
are triangular rather than bell-shaped,
the girls are attractive in a wholesome way,
the ideal girl for a boy growing up
on a farm

3

Geography

sovereign estate

9/10 of Canada lies
far beyond Matron's gimlet eye,
unclaimed, unsettled.
our mythologies,
images of survival. these woods, white wastes
to the north, the Eskimo's howling prison.
rivers that run,
the sovereign estate
of every Canadian, home
in his own country. no landlord but him.
we can be poor but none of us
can be *dispossessed*

where the living is uneasy

nature dreadful, infinite
geography. more than religion makes us puritans.
the need to wrestle a livelihood from a cruel land
sharpens the sterner virtues –
caution, discipline,
endurance

infernal woods,
impossible to ward off anxiety
continuing shadow, confined outlook. to the north
chill waste all the way to Hudson Bay, populated
by the howling wendigo.
to the south, east and west,
raw material for a
nation

great feats

a vast west for the taking,
for any homesteader brash enough
to take it, strong enough to work it.
3/4 of the newcomers
already spoke English, the rest a rich mix of races
all swallowed, Jonah-like by a 2200 mile-long
river gulf and lake
system

the CPR,
greatest achievement of human labour
the world has ever seen.
the transcontinental brought the first Chinese
to Canada. even they didn't know about
chicken chow mein

Cassiar country, a sultan's ransom
in asbestos ore. unlimited power at KitimatKino Hill.
Leduc to Bathurst, treasures unearthed.
beneath the wheat fields a limestone tide,
gas, light and sulphur

every trading post has flown
the beaver flag of the Hudson's Bay Company.
before the grain elevators rose in Saskatchewan,
the skyline was featureless
as the horizon
at sea

eskimo perspective

tundra dominated by whiteness
fifty below snowdrifts, hundreds
of unmapped miles, this great trip across
the barrenlands, a maddening
sameness
you can capture the Arctic
in one picture. midnight sun, monochrome
snowfields and sky. sled-dogs, Eskimo
hunters returning
with furs

perspective cannot be
the same thing to a southerner
as it is to an eskimo who is almost unaware
of depth in the landscape.
a small dark object a mile away
and a large dark shape ten miles away
simply line up, one above the other with white space
between them.
when an Eskimo artist
puts several figures into one drawing
he just stacks them up vertically.
to his eskimo eye
they have a natural
look

arts and culture

a newfound literature

Anne's green-gabled farmhouse
 Nellie McClung's hired girl on the harsh Manitoba
 homestead. Main Street in Leacock's sunshine town.
 Canadians recognized themselves,
 life as they knew it

but our Bard created
 a new found land out of words.
 obviously he loves words, long hard words
 as well as short fat easy ones. you can get addicted
 to the Pratt sound.
 i recall a hotel room party
 he threw in Winnipeg while crossing the country
 researching *Towards the Last Spike*, describing what
 he wanted to convey about the land of Canada –
 the rocks, all those fossils.
 we as a people managed
 to drive in the Last Spike. 13 years it took him
 to write his remarkable poem, man heroically
 answering back to the oldest
 of the hesiarch-tyrants
 the awful world,
 fate, stars, the outer space
 daring man to express himself in the face
 of the hostile universe
 we live in

literary Donnybrook

arguably,
the Canadian lady Sinclair Lewis
is a tiny ex-schoolmistress
from Manitoba.
no loud-mouthed
smiter of Philistines but a mild-mannered,
almost prim person, whose writing, in the freestyle
1960s, seems to echo Victorian
propriety.
yet this lady delivered
the first verbal bomb in the Donnybrook
of racial discussion sweeping the nation, sea to sea.
we hear Canadian fiction rumble a revolution
not yet dreamed of.
a rural people
sunk in urban poverty,
a race without pride, hope, leadership.
literary revolutions, like political ones, must wait
for *a man on horseback*
to lead them

filling the empty canvas

he is a Canadian Davy Crockett,
mythological and large enough to fill the great spaces
of an empty land.
bought by the Ontario government,
the National Gallery of Canada. he lunches
at the Arts and Letters Club
in Toronto

a Canadian type,
he craves the silent land to the north,
sleeping soundly in his canoe as it bobs in the moonlight
living like an Indian in the bush for long periods,
fulfilling the need of the new nation
for an authentic native
son

ambition leads him,
the challenge of making larger pictures,
the struggle to rid Canadian art of cookie-tin scenery
his paint smashed onto boards with axe-like swings
the coarse face of the bush
strong colours
primal vitality of the Canadian Shield
each stroke penetrating the solemn lands
of the Canadian north.
all part of the Canadian
experience

a signature anyone can read

in Henry Sandham's *Hunters Returning*, 1877,
snowshoes leave no tracks, meat hunters pack in the head
of a deer but the picture has a signature
anyone can still read –
Canada
we derive strength from nature
not just the Group of Seven. the first military surveyors,
CPR artists, post-modernists of Toronto, all profoundly
influenced by the Canadian landscape,
her terrible grandeur

traces

women, indispensable
part of the La Boheme tradition.
perfume traces, tantalizing.
our greatest woman artist
represented in all major Canadian collections,
stamped her vision on the unpaintable
west coast.
a formidably difficult woman.
her trees tower beyond all proportion for painting.
perhaps the very difficulty of any literal approach
to the landscape transforms the outer
world into a saga
of spirit

IV

how to write a colonial novel



how to write a colonial novel

In which we rearrange and parse the content of Mazo de la Roche's 1929 novel, 'The Whiteoaks of Jalna, one book of a series I devoured as a child. We will divide the text into sections to best explore the themes, descriptions, characterizations, which will help you write your own colonial novel. I predict the market for a new wave of "blood and soil and good anglo roots" will only increase in the next few years and I am here to give a helping hand.

1

Setting the scene

The western sky was glowing red. There was a clear saffron streak in the sky, sky a hard polished blue. Above it, a pale blue radiance as though the sky had new ideas in its head. The sun came out hot. Though still early afternoon, the sun was slanting through the trees. They strolled up and down the sunny path. Shafts of sunlight touched clean straw, well-groomed flanks and vigorous manes. The sun, which had been well on its way up the heavens was already in decline. A bright new moon was just hesitating before rising above the tree tops.

Spring was named on the calendar but no one could name her in the open. Spring is certainly on the way, the dark spring night framed in the doorway behind them. The six hundred acres of his own land spread about him in the promise of springtime. I've never known such a March. It was April, cold and wet, but pushing up through dead leaves was the fragile blossom of a bloodroot. It was lovely walking across the fields in the freshness of early May.

It was October again, October with her apron full of fruit. The leaves were crisp not damp and sodden as autumn leaves are in milder climates. The rich-coloured autumn landscape lay before them in peace and majesty. He drank in the pungent sweetness of the air. The kitchen garden was a perfect place for walking in the fall. Already the paths were strewn with little yellow leaves from the row of Lombardy poplars that edged one side of the garden.

Blackness outside, the sound of rain. Coats smell in this weather. Drops of moisture gleamed on the ends of N's grey moustache. Icicles a foot long hung from the eaves. R filled his eyes with the sight of the trees, ice-sheathed after a wild storm. The country-side was ice-bound, a feeling of brittle restraint in the air. Although it was now March the wind was as icy as in winter. The wind and sleet did their worst. Wind and rain and sleet. He found the biting wind not unpleasant. The wind was biting as ever but with a certain erratic playfulness in it. It seemed that there was a different quality to the wind in the last hour. The day came, blustering wild and sweet with the first scents of earth on the wind. She lifted her face to the sweetness of the breeze.

It was shortly before Christmas and suddenly the snow came pouring down. Papa's shoulders were white with it and he was laden with packages. Why, there in that hollow was a skein of snow. The ground was white and the stars trembled, blue and low above the treetops. The snow mounded high in glistening peaks and pale blue shadows. Here she was, the centre of a Christmas card scene. Land hushed beneath a blanket of downy snow. The boughs of the spruces and hemlocks bending beneath the weight of what looked so ethereal, one of those fairy snowfalls that leave a fragile and ethereal world behind them. All the children were romping in the snow. R heard the snow being shovelled from the paths, it snowed all the night. Boyhood reached out to him from the snowy woods.

Exercise 1

Use initials instead of individual names for characters. This emphasizes that this is a family unit, a society that functions beyond any one individual, and is intended to continue with or without any one member. Include weather, the elements, seasons in the colonial country, with a particular emphasis on wind and snow. Weather is to be filtered through the viewpoint of this superior family – the family is superior and so is the weather in the colonies. Weather is seen as some sort of possession, especially by the “Master of the House.” Describe snow and storms to show the new country, but use a poetic style to ensure the elements are not threatening or wild enough tear down the family-property structure. Evoke nostalgia for a childhood, especially a carefree and entitled boyhood most people have never experienced.

2

The Estate

The house was of wood painted white with green shutters, pointed gables and long sloping roof. The porch raised itself to shield the front door from intrusion. The house looked very quiet and a little remote. There was something in the way its chimneys gave its smoke. The staunch network of Virginia creepers clasped the brick wall. Windows shining in the dark bulk of the house. All the windows were alight and, in those on the first floor, holly wreathes hung. In summer, it was surrounded by a charming old-fashioned garden. Though it was nearly a hundred years old the house had a spruce, youthful appearance.

Between the poplars he had a view of the stables and a paddock where a show horse was being taken over some hurdles. A low wicket gate was in front of him, and beyond it his own house. The house, though substantial, might have been impressive to many a man and no more than the solid residue of solid people. But to him, it was the very distillation of all that his life and the lives of his forebears had stood for. It was certain that the highly individualistic people who had lived there had left some mark of their sojourn.

Monday came and a gale of wind made the shutters creak on their hinges. A faint essence of birdsong. First robin singing on the birch tree on the lawn. Then out of the sky came the loud cawing of crows. Caw-caw-caw, they shouted. There was a sudden harsh outcry and a dozen pheasants rose to the treetops. Frogs croaking to their loved ones to come out in the sun. The dogs rose in a ferocious chorus. Blind old Merlin uttered a stentorian bark.

He stood in the hall and looked around him. They went into the drawing room where a fire was burning low on the hearth. The sitting room, a sweet-smelling fortress. Four people sat about the fire in the sitting room. It was a shabby but comfortable room. Birch logs burned on the hearth. She lay looking about the room which had been M's. To A, the room looked inviting but felt chilly, but to R it was a haven of exemplary neatness and warmth. The room was homelike in bright chintz and a dancing fire. Outside the cupboard under the stairs was the door that led into his grandmother's room. It was lighted by a red shaft of light from the lowering sun.

He drew near the lighted window of the living room and could see the two sitting happily by a table where the tea things were placed. Traces of polishing powder in the crevices of heavily chased trays or jugs. The slender grace of the banister. The hat stand with the head of a fox grinning down on them. Pink chenille curtain at the door. There was a washing stand with a pretty little ewer and basin. One of the beaded ottomans near the fire. The smells, the sounds, the feel of the carpet beneath his feet. Flowered carpet, flowered wallpaper. The heavy scrolled wallpaper which had been there since the house was built. On the walls were watercolours drawn by Uncle E and a photograph of R at the age of 18 in the uniform of a cadet at the Royal Military College. He reached into his pocket and touched a penknife that had belonged to his father. Its worn, ivory handle lay slim and cool in his fingers.

Exercise 2

Redundant language and descriptive passages can emphasize age, tradition, property rights and values, inheritance, patrimony. Make it seem as if the house and grounds were always there, from time immemorial, no one was displaced to carve out this swathe of “little feudal Britain.” Ensure it is seen through the “Master’s” eyes as a treasured possession. The reader will see it through his eyes. Use a poetical, childlike tone to the prose, especially when describing the natural world, so as not to threaten the pastoral surface of this family-property-patriarchy nexus. Lavishly describe the time-honoured traditions of Christmas and make the reader feel nostalgic for a life they have likely never lived. Make this vision the normal vision to strive for in the Dominion of Canada.

3

Dynasty

His face was inclined to thinness but his arms and legs were sturdy, so that the pedestal of his small being looked firm indeed. His broad shoulders were more bent. His thin muscular hands seemed curved to fit the flank of a horse. She saw the admirable set of his head on his shoulders. His iron-grey hair was still thick and would last him the rest of his life. His close-cut red hair had not yet even been touched by grey. Typical New England spinster of the intellectual sort, elderly, well turned out. Her fair hair grew in a point on the forehead. Her silvery hair was charmingly curled. Her small face surrounded by its mass of dark red hair. The dark red hair was bright in sunshine.

Her mother's face with its quick changes of expression, serene as she read a book aloud or arranged flowers in a bowl. For a woman of her age, her skin was unusually clear and elastic but she had a slight double chin. She looked sideways at his stern dark profile. R's weatherbeaten face now showed little sign of the stress and strain he had been through. Its decisive aquiline contours, its high colouring gave it a kind of invincible sanguineness. She had the same dark red hair, brilliant brown eyes, the same milk-white skin and scarlet lips that were depicted in her great-grandmother's portrait.

His nose, however, showed an invincible defiance and looked only a little more weatherbeaten than usual. His mouth, under his grey moustache, was gentler and less humorous. His drawn mouth. The bitter bend of his lips. Her lips were white and set. When he did smile, his look was sweet and rather surprised. The child had had his colouring and his smile that sat oddly on her little face. The mouth with its smile that was both funny and sad.

His eyes still had the wonder of the cradle in them. His forehead was high and white and beneath it his blue eyes looked out with an expression almost piercing. The eyes of his uncles, one pair blue and questioning, the other pair dark and questioning. Her neat features and clear blue eyes expressed almost girlish anticipation. His brown eyes sometimes looked vague and even confused. The deep eyes that looked right into you. He drew his high white forehead into a frown and fixed his piercing gaze on the blue horizon. A's expression was one of watchful courage. Compassion and self-expression were in his glance. Concentrated gaze in her greenish eyes where no white but only the iris showed.

The last syllable of the Amen came roundly from their throats. N gave an affirmative grunt. Out there, he shouted in his own loud voice. A exclaimed in a piercing whisper. He went howling into the house. He gave a shout of warning, but that was of no avail. Don't! Don't, cried their hearts. At last he gave an exclamation of triumph. She almost screamed in her excitement. Sound of rushing steps. It was settled by the sound of S's footsteps coming toward the door.

He found his old windbreaker and cap with ear muffs, his galoshes. He pulled a battered felt hat over his eyes. A cap on his head and a muffler around his neck. P was plainly conscious of the new hat with long ribbons R had brought her from London. She wore a little red hat. She was wearing a black bonnet-like cap tied under her chin. She, too, was in black but a feather hung from the brim of her velvet hat. P came in, shining in oilskins. He wore a toy leather harness with bells. Mama wore a new sealskin dolman and enormous hoops. She was gliding toward them dressed in grey fur. A came last, wearing an old-fashioned coat that had been her mother's. She looked capable of hard work with a horse.

M knitted countless tiny garments. She kept them in a drawer in her room, scented with lavender. She had him dressed in old-fashioned long robes, a mass of frills and fine tucks. N wore his velvet smoking jacket. He appeared in flowered dressing gown. He wore a brown and bluff check jacket and a brown silk tie with yellow flecks. I can sometimes see him as he was at the last, leaning over the banister in that light blue dressing gown.

S wore brilliantly coloured tea gowns. She wore a new French wool dress, blue, the colour that best suited her. She would put on the hunter's green dress that was piped in red. His wife, many years younger, was a pretty sight in a black evening gown with jade necklace and ear-rings which had once graced the person of old A. She knew she was the image of her great-grandmother whose portrait, in a yellow satin evening dress, hung in the dining room. He saw that she was wearing the new ring. It was a cluster of five diamonds placed in an old-fashioned low setting. She was already the possessor of a ruby ring given to old A by an Indian rajah.

Exercise 3

Cultivate English modes of thought, English fashions in dress and behaviour. Mention exotic ancestors in India, part of the Empire, "Jewel in the Crown." Include relics from ayahs and rajahs to show permanent settlers maintaining political allegiance to their country of origin. Transform a group of migrant people into settlers who own the land, portray usurpers as the natural ruling class who had owned the land since time immemorial. Keep the family circle as tight and closed as possible. Show how the English property owners also own the narrative, erasing any other possible narratives of the region. They have turned themselves into the indigenous peoples of the country as there is no trace of anyone who had come before them. Although vividly portrayed, the family unit and estate must assume primary importance over the needs of individual members of the household. Establish a hierarchy within the family which ensures each person knows his or her place.

4

Master and Mistress of J

He walked with bent head. He strode up and down the room. From the field he entered an oak wood. It was the first time this year he had taken the short cut. Two hours later he was walking alone through the path in the orchard. He moved on among the budding trees. Now he emerged from the orchard into the open. He walked up and down the narrow space of the room. R wheeled and walked blindly into the narrow space of the room. Well I must be off, said R. Before he left he gave A his first pony. R came cantering back to her. He came back to her and took her in his arms.

He sat down on the step below her and pulled off his boots. D, C and R sat that first evening over their brandy and cigars. R sat down in a chair. He sat a long while in the cold office. R was waiting for them in the lobby. R was waiting for them round the corner in his friend's car. He stood, waiting for her to speak. He slept. He kept late hours and rose early in the morning. He rolled over with a groan. Suddenly he sprang up and began to dress. He went back into the hall and got his hat and leather jacket. He bought himself a spring suit on Bond Street. R had gone round to the vestry to get into his surplice.

He drew near the lighted window of the living room. He rose and went to the window. He went about drawing curtains. He opened the stable door. He locked the door. He unlocked the front door and showed her into the living room. At times R could be seen stroking the walnut newel post of the stairs, which was carved in a design of bunches of grapes and their leaves. As he contributed more generously than he could afford, to the upkeep of the house. Overburdened as his mind was, he paused on his way to the basement

stairs to set a Benares brass casket, old A had brought from India, cornerwise on the desk.

R fixed his bright eyes eagerly on his kinsman and moved his chair a shade closer. R could see the old men were getting tired. He stared hard at Piers. R looked his younger brother over approvingly. R gave him an amused look. R regarded him proudly. He looked startled. He looked at his wristwatch. He stared with suspicion at it. He stared at her, surprised. Now R saw the girl's disappointed look. He gave her a horrified look. He looked at her, speechless, too astonished for words.

He went to the lectern to read the first Lesson. He scarcely knew what he was saying. R's tone was almost plaintive. R replied testily. He bit his lip to keep back a groan. By Judas, exclaimed R. Then abruptly he asked. He seemed to be asking her some question. He asked her about her work half absent-mindedly. He had a few hot words with P over a vet bill. Then he went to his horses, talked to his men. R grinned from ear to ear. R grinned delightedly. R was laughing. He gave a short laugh. R threw back his head and laughed. He smiled at her, as though reassuringly. Occasionally he made small noises of appreciation, or gave a chuckle.

He went into the stable and sent a boy to the house to ask for lunch to be brought to the office. He gave it the extra dose of Worcestershire sauce. He joined the others at tea. He drank a good deal of tea. He shook some aspirin tablets from the bottle without crushing them. He picked up the bottle and handed it to the man. R went to get sherry for them. He returned with the sherry. He drank a little whiskey and water. R ordered champagne. He found some brandy in the sideboard and gave her a little. He drank in the pure air, filled his eyes with the sight of the trees. He lighted a cigarette and sat down on the edge of the desk. He inhaled the smoke of his cigarette. He was lighting a cigarette and looked across at her across the flare of the match.

R pulled a wry face. R appeared to ignore her. He had a way of turning his head aside and looking out the window as though escape were in his mind. He forced his weatherbeaten features into an expression of purposeful asceticism. His brows went up incredulously. R had managed it all with such expedition and authority. R's colour rose. He was half amused, half annoyed. R tore after the car, bareheaded. For a moment, R was too surprised to speak or even think. R knew what was in her mind. He touched her cheek with his cold one. R took one of her smooth white hands in his. He put out his hand and touched the horse's shoulder.

She thrust her hands in her pockets and walked back toward the house. She had enjoyed her walk. It was the first time in A's life that she had walked down that aisle alone. She shunned every face she knew and walked out of the gate and down the road alone. Not feeling unfriendly but merely aloof, she moved away from the family and walked slowly down the steep path toward the gate. She turned away and went to the window. She moved from the window and went to the mantelpiece and laid her hands on it. A laid her forehead against the mantelpiece. A had gone down to the porch and looked down the drive half a dozen times. She was standing, waiting. She stood behind him. She rose and went to a cabinet. She rose and took him by the arm. A sprang up, came to him and put her hand on his forehead.

She covered her face with her hands. She put her hands to her forehead and pushed back her thick hair. She sat, shielding her eyes with her hand. She took her hand from her eyes and looked up at him. A had drawn on an old cardigan of R's for warmth. She put her arms about him and held him close. She passed her hand over her hair, smoothing it. She clung to him. Obediently, she held out her finger and shut her eyes. Her fingers closed about his. She held his hand to her lips.

Darling, she said and caught his fingers in hers. She talked to him of the children. She gave an exclamation of mingled reproach and pleasure. A note of complaint came into her voice. She added bitterly. Then she demanded, what do you mean. I'll not listen to them, she retorted. When did you have tea, asked A. Did you want to go straight upstairs, she asked. Are you going to tell me you want a divorce, she asked in a voice not her own. Very well, I think, she answered coolly. I don't want to see, answered A firmly. She answered in a shaky voice. That is all in the past, she answered. Her answer to her own question was – I have a naturally unhappy disposition. A looked at him, unable to speak for a moment in her astonishment. She could not speak.

Though A thought of herself as modern and widely tolerant, her upbringing had been somewhat puritannical. She had had time for reading and making notes on what she read. She often judged others, more often than she guessed, by the standards of her forbears. But why did she think of the dead rather than the living? No matter how gay I am I'm far too ready to turn to introspection and melancholy. A remembered intellectual religious discussions between her father and Aunt H. She could not help remembering how earnest a Unitarian her aunt had been. She wondered what her father would think. Her mind revolved in burning eagerness around her relief, her love. How many billion faces in the world, she thought, yet only one had the power of making heaven or hell for her. If she had not been uprooted from her own sphere, she thought, it would not have been so. A clung fiercely to every flying moment, wondering how she would face the moment of farewell.

A was determined there should be no discussion at the table. She knew they would not be pleased at her doing this but she did not care. That was unkind of you, A. She was entitled to this privacy. She had begun by considering J a backwater and feeling impatient of its Victorian traditions. She had not made

friends in the neighbourhood. She had always been of a reserved nature. Yet it was her fate to be longing for what she would not put out her hand to acquire.

Children! Children! exclaimed A. Wait, children! Don't, said A. Children! Called A. You must go to bed. Come upstairs with Mummie, she said. You must tell Mummie just what you mean. Everybody laughed but A. She went to him and lifted him from his tricycle. A stood her son on his feet. She followed her son, humiliated. She picked him up and began to divest him of his outer garments. She found him heavy and was glad to set him down in her room. She undressed his feet and held them in her warm lap. Gently, A caressed his pink sole with the tips of her fingers.

A shadow darkened her eyes. A opened her eyes. The sympathy that had softened her features fled, leaving them sharpened, her eyes intense. She could scarcely keep her eyes off him. She pretended she did not notice the large clots of snow that had come in on his boots. She only noticed the little things about him she had always loved. A scanned his face with an almost fierce pleasure in having him back in the house with her. She looked anxiously into his face. She looked compellingly into his eyes. She tried to tell him so with a look. She saw the sapphire on her finger. Looking after him, A thought – the Darling.

A smiled in return but her smile was a little ice. She gave her ironic little smile. She gave him a smile of mingled irritation and tenderness. But A felt angry. Angry colour flooded her face. Flushed by anger, A went to him. A cold rage toward him possessed her. She felt rage, like a living thing, turn in her breast. She could have screamed her rage at him. But she pressed it down and spoke in a controlled voice. There was a moment of quivering silence, then she began to cry bitterly. It is, she sobbed, to be a woman who sees her looks going and her husband ...

A wave of possessive tenderness swept over her. She wanted to go alone with him. But she forced herself to conceal it. She had a sharp stab of disappointment. Deeply as she loved her son he could never take his father's place. Sexual love was stronger than maternity. She felt his hand encircling hers. She felt the cool caress of the ring. It felt like life itself welling in her. Returning and finding the family everywhere, A felt how slight was her hold on the place compared to theirs. In truth she never had had any feeling of possession toward the old house. In a strange way the feeling of her first love for him came back to her.

She had come to be near R. She wanted to make sure that R and she would have the walk home together. She clung with almost pathetic tenderness to these first moments of isolation with him. But she would not have led her life otherwise. It was a long while since she had been so carefree and happy. She was glad that she had not stood in the way of his going to Ireland. A slow deep joy welled up in her, spreading from her breast to her very hair and fingertips as sap through a tree. She had not lost him!

Exercise 4

Be conservative in ideology, embrace an increasingly obsolete societal structure. Unreflectively uphold a static patriarchal society, unreflective upholding of gender stereotypes. The Master of J is always shown in action, movement, walking, striding, smoking, active even in sleep. Describe him as a princeling touching the relics of his lineage, thus affirming his hereditary position and how he is the vital heart of this family/society. Even better, give him the profile of a classic Roman emperor.

As an outsider marrying into the family you have some freedom to give her a backstory. When she becomes too interesting and independent, make sure you draw her back into the world of her husband and children. Insert familiar sexist tropes, such as nagging, jealous, overly emotional. Drop the individual qualities and turn her intelligence and alienation from the family into a normative romantic passion only for her husband. Turn her back to the dynasty by showing her by literally “divesting” her son, and heir to the estate, of his “outer garments” and rubbing his feet. Show her sitting, thinking, clutching her Master’s arm, crying bitterly, recalling her wedding day. Above all, remember that she is not blood family and acts only to serve the family and manage the children. As an ‘interloper’ she must be jealous of potential lovers, and generally kept in a state of emotional turmoil throughout the novel.

5

War

When the news came, N and E would impressively impart it to the rest of the household. The news from England, answered E, it's quite time for it. I've just had the London Times. I brought it over so we could read the leader together. What do they say in England about War? A good many people think it's coming. The last time we were over, a Colonel Rivers said to me, Well let me tell you, this here is going to be a civilian's war. We'll have to face things as they come. What I dread is our nephews joining up. Still, it's wartime and babies seem to come along then.

M says that if the Germans had made war on us a year ago they'd have got an easy victory. We weren't ready. We have Mr Chamberlain to thank, said E, for saving us from the greatest disaster in our history. Well, Mr Chamberlain said there'd be peace for all our time and it hadn't even lasted even his short time. Why, the entire House had been deeply moved by the Four Power Conference and its agreement. What I can't understand is why we let them pull the wool over our eyes a year ago. Small wonder if an old man, away out here in Canada had been taken in! But you'll find that Britain and France can handle the Germans. I tell you, said N, still in his deepest voice, we shall beat Hitler. For my part, I'm glad there's a war.

They had known from the first that R would go. R was already in touch with the headquarters of his old regiment in England and expected to join it in the spring. He thought that he himself would again live the soldier's life, help win the war, give colour to every hour of his day. He had also had a physical examination for military service and had come out in Class A. He had fought in one war. His brothers were to fight in this. He was not going into this war as he had gone into the last – fired by the spirit of careless adventure.

F was determined to go back to England and do his share of war work. W was in a state of ferment lest he should not be able to rejoin the buffs in R's service. He paraded the kitchen, fairly bristling to have another fling at the Germans. Now let Hitler look out. Now let Goring and Gubbles have a mind to themselves. We're after them, same as we were after the old Kaiser. W was to enter the Air Force and M to find some sort of war work. They were proud that their delicate stripling had grown to a strong young man ready to fight for his country.

Home Guard be damned, said P. I'm leaving for England in a fortnight. It would have been a very nice arrangement for you to go off like a conqueror, W to get his wings and drop bombs on Berlin. F to do some war work in London and I wait here till I fight the Germans on the doorstep. There's a war on now and I'm going to be first on the scene. I'm leaving with the next contingent. P wheeled, turned and tramped up and down in the snow. When he saw that they waited he slackened his steps and marched toward them with a military step.

He got out their uniforms, aired and pressed them. He put more elbow grease on the buttons than ever he gave to the silver. Well, I'd like to hear them object to the king's uniform in my presence. Do you know that you could be fined for willfully damaging the king's uniform? He wore the uniform of the 48th Highlanders. He was tall and strong and looked fine in his bonnet and kilt. F was startled to see that he was in uniform. He looked fine in his uniform. His uncles had placed him in his uniform beneath the portrait of his grandfather in *his* uniform. She smelled train oil, boot polish and the queer woolly harsh scent of the men's uniforms.

Life moved on, accompanied by the various reactions of the family to the War. It was a time of such upheaval that P's going overseas was not such a shock to the household as might have been feared. It was not till he had actually departed that the full force of the blow was felt. His going was so sudden, so inexorable, that nothing that might follow seemed impossible. P's health had been drunk, he had been wished godspeed. Everyone came out in the snow to see them off. But he's going to the War! You must say goodbye to him, properly. Goodbye Daddy, he said, don't get killed too soon. Fire a shot for me, B. Give Hitler a kick behind for me.

The tie that bound the family to the Old Land had been strong but since the war that tie had, as in the case of countless other Canadian families, so strengthened, toughened, tautened that they now felt as one. The Atlantic crossing which had been safe was now perilous but a bridge of courage and loyalty had been flung from shore to shore. Long dark months of trial and tribulation lie before us. Death and sorry will be the companions of our journey, hardship our garment, constancy and valour our only shield. N threw up his leonine old head and went on – We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall never surrender. Then our Empire across the seas, armed and guarded by the British fleet, will carry on the struggle until, in God's good time.

She worries herself ill over the news. If all men were like you, she said, the world wouldn't be rocking. In times like these, wives recede to the background. Aye, and sweethearts come to the fore, she returned grimly. You'd think, she said, that it was just a picnic to go to war. I used to like to look at the planes, A said, but now they make me think of war and you going away. Why should all these men be in training for a war in Europe. Why, a bullet, a splinter of shell would kill or blind him as easily as any man. What if she should lose him or have him returned to her arms, maimed.

The station platform was crowded with men in uniform, their wives and sweethearts and sisters. There was a mother clinging to the hand of her son. Her man had become just one of the others. She was just another wife. Where was he? Had he gone? Was that his head above the others? No – he was gone. A band struck up the British Grenadiers. The gay challenging voice of the horns pierced her soul. The drum beats were terrible to her. It might be better, she thought, if there were more hardhearted materialism and less idealism of a bygone generation. But there were other times when she too was carried on the tide and felt herself heart and soul in the struggle.

The future lies with you children. You must remember this day and pledge yourself. I will, Uncle N. A, she said, we may have to fight just like Daddy. Have they killed Daddy? No, no, but we children may have to fight too and I think we'd better begin training. She climbed onto a chair and took down two double-barrelled rifles from the wall. She placed one in A's hands. He took it as though this were what he had been waiting for since long years. This is the direction they'd come from, she said. Because England is over there. We'll shoot them as they come out of the woods and we'll never surrender. She felt inside her a gathering strength.

Regret to inform you that Private W is missing. It had been a week today that the letter had come, that letter which had changed J from a house of mourning to one of thanksgiving. Alive he was, in a prison camp in Austria. The terror – the relief! Little W had brought down God only knew how many German planes. Now somewhere over there he was sailing in the skies in daily hazard of his life. Suddenly, startlingly, his name came to them out of the radio. WW, a young Canadian flyer has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantly flying a damaged plane back to England after taking part in a raid over Germany. The King personally presented the Cross.

Exercise 5

The tone here is unquestioning loyalty to the Mother Country. The family stands as one unit, no one dissents or questions. Infuse the war with Kiplingesque sentiment, adventurous romance. Do not dwell on, or even acknowledge the carnage and casualties of the Great War. Present this war with all the rhetoric of the first one. Make the Great War appeal to the imagination, which itself is constructed by the rightness of the war and the society they are fighting to preserve. Show the virile men of the family heading to the front, women and children keeping the home fires burning. Keep the narrative as close, inward and family-centric as possible. Suffuse any external breaks in the text, such as radio announcements, in sentimental idealism. Don't leave any way out of the inevitability and rightness of the War. Imply, if not state outright, that Anglo-Saxon-Protestant heritage is the great civilization and value to be fought for and preserved intact. Do not give any sense of passing time, losses suffered or lessons learned from the first war. The Mistress of J is the only one who makes any distinction between the idealism of the First World War and the materialism of the Second, but you must draw her back into the patriotic fold as she is needed to keep the home fires burning.

V

notes



with disruptions from Plato
(*The Republic*, Allegory of the Cave)

Anyone who has common sense will remember that the bewilderment of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much of the bodily eye.

To say human perception is not an accurate reflection of the world is an understatement. Everything we see is subjective, biased by our individual experiences, current contexts and our goals and wishes. It seems we are hardwired to detect certain objects while concealing others that lie outside our ken. We carve trails through a wilderness of stimulus. These can easily become ruts, increasing the chance we will miss later occurrences or changes in the subject.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the spangled heaven; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day.

Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

With long-term experience, we develop frames that impel us see to things that aren't there and miss those that are. Our socially constructed symbols and narratives become entwined with sensory data and become incredibly important to our reception and understanding of external stimuli.

Let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened: Behold! Human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads.

This brings us to the stickiness of concepts and ideologies such as colonialism. Colonialism is one of the most pernicious constructs that has framed our ability to perceive the world. Modern colonial rule not only relied on military and economic power to amass territory and conquer Indigenous peoples, but also domination over creation and dissemination of cultural representation.

Technological innovations enabled novel ways of documenting knowledge about “other” lands and peoples. Through newspapers, travelogues, magazines and films, officials and travellers circulated images of “distant lands” to larger, more diverse audiences.

While these images rapidly expanded knowledge about the world, they were riddled with stereotypes and assumptions that classified new societies according to pre-existing Eurocentric hierarchies. This framing of colonized populations played an integral role in their subjugation, as media images of other lands and peoples became narratives of backwardness and primitivity; essential elements in the justification of colonial rule.

Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

And speaking of technological innovations our poor buggy brains haven't caught up to, the Internet, specifically its social media incarnation, only amplifies and fuses the biases and ideologies that become realities for us and frame our vision. A large concept like colonialism can harbour other concepts; manifest destiny, poverty/disease/disaster porn, transhuman perfectionism and prosperity gospel cruelty, etc. It is so difficult to unravel any of these threads enough to imagine a way out.

Often our media, such as the Internet, tourist and public relations blurbs, social media ads, sponsored content, Google search priorities provide the clearest look, not at the world, land, people, countries, but how we perceive them. For this project I have selected texts written about some places that seem particularly susceptible to the Gaze, a way of looking that is so filtered through preconceived ideas it seems almost impossible to peel through all the layers to reveal an actual place on earth, an individual geography, ecosystem or way of being in the world.

You have shown my a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Notes on sections

Somalia: all text taken from Google search indexes. All seen from a white, western American perspective as a place of relentless catastrophe, piracy, endless civil war, in need of a Great White Saviour, the western world and especially the United States.

Venice: a mash-up of texts written by John Ruskin, Jan Morris, various Romantic era poets, Yelp tourist reviews. Here, you can see a century's worth of "Lost Girl," "Lady of Shalott" fantasies, debauchery, miasma, the "female principle" isolated by the male gaze.

Frontier West

Southwest United States

I chose locations where I have travelled and collected local newspapers, flyers, tourist brochures, real estate listings, etc. Here you can really see a concatenation of Manifest Destiny ideology, radical individualism, deep suspicion of all forms of government, guns, fundamentalist religiosity and big tourism.

The Making of a Nation

Born and raised in Canada, I reserved the largest sections for the colonialist-settler nation I know best. This section consists entirely of text derived from the Canadian Centennial Library, a series that came out in 1967, in time for Canada's one hundredth birthday, and eventually colonized every public and school library in the country.

The series was a joint venture between McClelland and Stewart and *Weekend Magazine* (a Saturday newspaper insert that appeared locally in *The Telegram*) under the editorial guidance of Pierre Berton. The mix of essays and illustrations was inspired by several series produced by American Heritage and Time-Life, down to being available initially through mail order for \$2.95 per book. The series more than met initial sales projections of 100,000 copies per volume, with over a million books sold by the time Coles packaged the library for its customers.

The first volume, *The Making of the Nation*, arrived in *Toronto Star* book critic Robert Fulford's mailbox in January 1966. He praised the book as "a happy union of journalistic technique, literary style, and academic expertise." Author William Kilbourn's balancing of politics with the cultural and social elements that shaped the country conveyed "the Canadian quality that most historians only describe—diversity, tolerance, an openness to the world."

But I found nothing but stereotypes, the view of Canada as an empty wasteland, a place that not only wasn't a nation but didn't even exist until Great White explorers and capitalists came on the scene. Going through it after so many years was not like coming upon an old friend. Instead I was struck by how well the series fit in with the texts and mash-ups that went into the American Frontier West section.

This is the history I grew up with, and the one I rebelled against and hoped would be long gone by the time I could make my way into the world.

The project ends "How to Write a Colonialist Novel," in which I hope to reveal the how choice of diction, description, use of characters in a "Canadian" novel written in 1927 reveals a particular narrative gaze and ideological stance.

